

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

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No. 2.



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SEYMOUR DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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THE SUMMER.

WE find it always difficult to get through the summer without trouble in financial matters. Our good city friends, who are reminded by biting cold of the needs of the poor during the winter, go out of town during the hot weather, and, leaving the cares and worries of city life out of sight, forget the necessities of the poor for several months. If we close our doors for two months' vacation, and thus rid ourselves of the care of our family for that length of time, we should greatly decrease our bills, due at the end of the month, but we cannot do that, for our work is an unceasing one; from January to January, day in and day out, our large family is constantly asking for food and clothes. To close our doors for a vacation would mean to throw upon the streets several hundred homeless ones, and so, of course, our duty to these unfortunates demands constant care and continued service. The Five Points is not, to be sure, the coolest place during the summer heat, but still we manage to keep our little ones quite free from disease and certainly very happy. We bespeak for our children the continued interest and thoughts which have so long been granted them, and we add our fervent wish that all our friends may find health and recreation in the breezes of the hills and old ocean's air.

A BEAUTIFUL, BEARDLESS BOY.

THERE is beauty in girls, with their dancing curls,
 And a fair, rose-tinted face;
 With their raven eyes, or the hue of the skies,
 And a form of fairy grace.
 But give me a mien upon which is seen
 The impress of truth and joy;
 Oh! there's nought so bright in this world of light,
 As a beautiful, beardless boy!

There is beauty in man, as he proudly stands
 In his chosen sphere below,
 When his heart beats high in its destiny,
 With the love which angels know;
 But more beauty to me, with his young soul free,
 From a love that *may* destroy,
 With his mind unchained, and his life unstained,
 Is a beautiful, beardless boy.

When the streams of youth, in their hue of truth,
 Flow pure to the unknown sea,
 When to manhood's years, with its hopes and fears,
 With the future's mystery,

He cheerfully comes, and his air-built dome
 Are to test the world's alloy,
 Then, pure in his pride as a girlish bride,
 Stands the beautiful, beardless boy.

With an opening mind, that shall treasures find
 In the world's unwritten lore,
 With a hand that gives, and a heart that lives,
 In the sorrows of the poor,
 With an ardent soul, that shall seek a goal
 Where no woes, no sins annoy,
 If there's one below with an angel brow,
 'Tis a beautiful, beardless boy.

I have seen the child, with its nature mild,
 In its guileless, sunny spring,
 Or the summer-time with its manly prime,
 Or its autumn withering.
 I have seen these lands from a father's hands,
 With their minds of wealth and joy;
 But there's nought so bright in this world of light
 As a beautiful, beardless boy!

—S. E. Knowles.

LULU.

Two or three Sabbaths only, pretty little brown-faced, black-eyed Lulu sat with the others in the Sabbath-school, and then was seen no more, until met by the teacher on the street one Saturday afternoon.

"I am very glad to see my little girl again," she said, taking the tiny hand in hers, as they walked along together.

"We missed you at the Sabbath School, Lulu, are you not coming again to-morrow?"

"No, teacher, I will never go to your Sunday School any more, because they call me names."

"Do not mind that, Lulu. The wicked people called Jesus names too, and often treated him very unkindly, yet he was not angry."

"But, teacher, they say I am a Protestant if I go to your school, and all the Protestants will go to hell."

"The Lord says that all the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all who forget God, Lulu. They will not be punished because they are Protestants, but because they will not have Jesus in their hearts. Will you not pray to Jesus, and ask him to come into your heart, little one?"

"Why? how will Jesus get in, teacher?"

"Jesus knows the way in, Lulu. Only open the door, and ask him to come. Just kneel down and pray, 'O Lord Jesus, come into my heart and teach me how to be thine own child.'"

"But our Lord's broke!"

"Broke! How is that, my child?"

"Our Lord is broke into pieces. It fell, and got broke. The china 'Our Lord,' you know."

"But that china is good for nothing, Lulu. If you should pray to the china, could it hear you? You see it could not even take care of itself, but was broken by a fall. What could such a god do for you, my little girl?"

"Well, it's good to lay by dead peoples, teacher."

"Jesus, the real Lord, will be with us, when we die, if we only ask him and trust him, Lulu. Will you not come to-morrow to the children's meeting—after the Sabbath School? We will sing the sweet hymn, 'Jesus loves me,' that you thought so pretty?"

"What time is the meeting, teacher? But wouldn't it be bad to come? Do you know what I did when I came before? I said, 'Mamma, may I go out and play a little while?' and mamma said 'yes,' and then I came to the Sunday School."

And though there was a shade of doubt upon the upturned face, the little black eyes sparkled with delight at the thought of the successful ruse.

Will not the young Christians who read the *Advocate*, pray for Lulu; and for the young teacher, that God would bless her efforts to lead the little girl and her father and mother to Christ? and for very many others, who, though in this Christian land, are just as truly bowing down to gods of wood and stone as are the heathen beyond the seas.—*A. E. II., in Advocate and Guardian.*

REWARDS.

WE have been very much gratified recently in receiving calls from several young men and women who were once boys and girls here with us. One, who went to a good home in Connecticut and whom we have not seen for seven years, we well remember as she was brought here by a missionary, who found her crying one rainy night as she crouched in a doorway to escape the wet, having been driven by a drunken mother on to the streets. She is now respected and beloved in a clergyman's family, and is a member of a church in the village where she resides. Another, who went from here when quite a child, but who is now a young woman, looked well and told with pleasure of her home in an adjacent county of this State. Still another, who is at present living in the city, is living with friends and is certainly a very modest-looking young woman. A boy who was here, but who is now nearly as tall as we, and who says he is a christian young man, drops in to see us occasionally. All of these living witnesses of the value of our training here give us encouragement to work on, and are to us the best of rewards. We recently heard of the welfare of one of our former boys who

is settled in New Jersey, of whom the report was, that there was no such boy in all that vicinity, he having proved trustworthy and all that his foster-parents could desire. We also had a letter concerning a boy who left us ten years ago and the parties speak of him in the best of terms. We feel that we cannot do a better service to our friends, who so kindly contribute to our wants, than to append some of the letters we have received in answer to our request to know how the children are doing, for we feel that the reward for our work comes largely from the good behavior of those who have grown up.

B——, Iowa, March 17, 1877.

WM. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir: I take this opportunity of answering your letter, which came to hand some time ago, asking for information in regard to Master T—— R——. I will say that he is still staying with me yet, as for the rest I have no knowledge of, with the exception of one or two, and that is of C. S——, who is staying with Mr. S——, and the other one is staying at Mr. Y——'s, as for the name I can't say.

Mister Thomas is going to school every day when the weather is favorable and has good health, and I intend to give him as good an education as I can, if he don't improve the time in school that is his own fault. I think he is improving very fast this winter, he went through Ray's Third Arithmetic this last term, and is a tolerable good speller, they had several good spellings this winter and he spelt the school down and felt awful proud about it.

I will bring my letter to a close for this time by wishing you God-speed with your benevolent institution, and little Tommy wishes me to ask you whether you could give him any information in regard to his age, or as near as you can tell. I am always willing to give you any information in regard to the boy or boys that I am able to give, so I will close for this time.

Yours fraternally,

J. H.

F——, N. J., March 22, 1877.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Sir:—Yours of the 12th is duly received and contents considered. The boy F. is still with us, happy and perfectly satisfied. He was quite ill for two or three weeks after his arrival here, but since has enjoyed unusual good health, and, in fact, has fleshed up considerably. City or home-sickness only made its appearance once, and that was in the interval of the three weeks of his sickness, then he endeavored to come to F. afoot, a distance of four miles, for the purpose of seeing me, so he said. A neighbor accosted him and brought him back, since which time he has been perfectly contented. We anticipated this, as a new home would likely occasion this freak in any boy.

Upon the whole he is a good boy, considering his early associations and advantages. I think his good qualities greatly predominate over his bad. He had many bad and dirty tricks, but they have mainly disappeared, and we hope

that time will bring about an entire reformation. Fibbing seemed, at first, to be a part of his nature, but that quality, I am glad to say, is slowly fading away. With his books I think he does remarkably well, in fact, he is rather apt. Every opportunity consistent with his usefulness shall be given to his educational development.

Respectfully yours,

E. C. A.

G——, April 12, 1877.

WM. F. BARNARD, *New York City* :

Dear Sir :—Your favor of March 12th was duly received and should have been answered ere this but for want of time at first and your letter getting mislaid and forgotten. L—— is with us, she has grown rapidly and enjoys excellent health, is a good girl but not without faults, but, perhaps, has as few as any one that spent so much of her early life under the circumstances surrounding her in her home and in the Mission. We have endeavored to make something of her, sending her to school six to nine months each year. If you would know more of her and her home, I would refer you to the Rev. J. C. Miller of the First Presbyterian Church of G.

Have you any intelligence of her father? if so, and he is enquiring for her, it would be better for her not to know anything of his whereabouts unless you know him to be the right kind of a man. A reply will favor.

Yours very truly,

A. A. A.

K—— C——, Wis., March, 16, 1877.

W. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir :—Yours received in relation to E—— W——. He is with me yet, and is all right well, and is grown to a large-sized boy. Could not induce him to leave me under any consideration, he has pretty easy times, not much work, and good living. He is getting to be quite a horseman, so much confidence have I in him that I send two hundred miles alone with horses I have sold to deliver, and leave him to settle and bring me the money. I have as much confidence in him as I could have if he was my own son. Several unprincipled parties have tried to hire him away from me, but are not able to do so.

Yours truly,

F. H.

G——, March 8, 1877.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir :—R—— is still with me and is doing well, he attends school. In the fall he troubled me very much but since I have been married and he has had a man to direct and be with him he has been good, he seems to be attached to my husband. I asked him this morning if he would rather stay or return to the city, he said he would rather stay, so I think we will have no more trouble.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. M. W. B.

F——, N. J., March 10, 1877.

Dear Sir :—the girl N—— M—— is with me, is a good girl. I like her and feel much interest in her, she is a regular attendant at Sabbath-school and at meeting, all our family being members of the Presbyterian church. She is

growing in strength and health (she was a frail little thing when she came to us) and think is much attached to us.

Yours truly,

Mrs. H. C.

C——, March 29, 1877.

W. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 9th received in due time, through neglect on my part you have not heard from me before. W—— T—— is with me and is a good boy, goes to school, and enjoys very good health. We like him very much and have every reason to think he is pleased with his home.

Yours truly,

J. P.

G—— G——, March 17, 1877.

WM. F. BARNARD, ESQ. :

Dear Sir:—Yours of the — inst. received. In reply, the boy D—— F. K—— is yet with me, is well and contented, and has attended school all Winter.

Yours very truly,

S. S.

S—— M——, March 13, 1877.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD, ESQ. :

B—— S—— is still under my care, in good health and happy.

Yours respectfully,

A. W. C.

“WE PASSED THAT.”

It's one thing to have an object in life, it is quite another thing to know when we are aiming at it. Many begin well, but after a time get off the course ; then their life is more likely to go wrong than right. The following incident has its moral for all who are aiming to do right :

During a beautiful summer's night, on one of our great lakes, the master of a boat thought that he might take a few hours' rest, and entrusted the rudder into the hands of his boy, a somewhat simple-minded lad. “Do you see that star straight before us?” he said to him, pointing to the Polar star.

“Yes.”

“Well, you have nothing to do but to keep the boat straight in that direction.”

“I understand.”

The captain fell asleep. The boy did the same. The wind changed ; the boat turned out of its course more and more, till at last it had made a semi-circle. The boy awoke ; he was astonished to see behind his back the star which just now had been straight before him, but he did not the less continue with a firm hand to steer the boat towards the south, from whence it had first come.

Two hours after the master in his turn awoke. He cast one glance upon the sky and another upon the boy.

“Well, stupid ! what are you doing?”

“I'm still keeping always straight before me, as you told me.”

“Ah, indeed ! and the Polar star?”

“Oh, the Polar star ! Why, we passed that long ago !”—*Youth's Companion.*

BABY'S FIRST STEP.

'Twas a very simple lesson,
 So simple—yet deep and sweet,
 'Twas taught by our year-old baby
 Whose wee little dancing feet
 Were tottering on the threshold
 Of the open nursery door,
 His bright eyes intently watching
 A new toy upon the floor.

All untried and untested
 Were those tiny, active feet;
 Never one step had they taken
 In nursery or on the street;
 But the toy lay far beyond them,
 And our baby's eager eyes
 Danced, and he crowed in his gladness,
 As he saw the glittering prize.

"Come, little boy; come, and take it;
 Father will not let you fall."
 He lifted his face and listened,
 As he heard the gentle call;
 Turned his sweet blue eyes, and seeing
 A strong hand on either side,
 Gathered all his faith and courage,
 And his first weak footstep tried.

His round, rosy face all glowing,
 Half with delight, half with fear,
 The sunlight lovingly touching
 His dress and his golden hair,
 He tottered manfully onward,
 Till he reached the shining toy,
 With a merry shout of triumph,
 And gurgle of baby joy.

"Come," in a low, tender whisper,
 We hear from the deep blue skies,
 As, lifting our weary faces,
 We long for the far-off prize.
 And are there no strong hands ready?
 Need we to question the love,
 So watchful, steady, and patient,
 Guarding our steps from above?

Yet doubtful we stand, uncertain,
 Still trembling with vague alarms,
 While all around us are pressing
 God's own everlasting arms.
 O child of the Lord Almighty!
 When thy Father's voice says, "Come,"
 Though thy feet and faith may falter,
 He will guide thee safely home.

—*Julia A. Matthews, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

PAPA'S TRUE STORY.

"Oh, papa, papa, tell us a story!" cried little Mary and Emma, running up to their father, who had seated himself upon the porch, and was about to read the evening paper.

"Tell us a true story," said Emma, the little four-year old, as she climbed upon her papa's knee.

Papa could not resist this appeal. So he laid down his paper, and began as follows:

"Once upon a time there lived a toad who had but three legs, having lost one of his hind legs!"

"Was it shot off in war?" asked Emma.

"I do not know how he lost it," said papa. "He may have lost it in a battle with a snake. All I know is that he had but one hind leg and that in jumping over the ground he reminded one very much of a crippled soldier."

"This old toad, being thus badly crippled, was put to many shifts in order to get his daily bread."

"Toads don't eat bread, do they?" asked Mary.

"I mean flies, and such things," said papa, "which take the place of bread with toads."

He had to use his wits so much that he soon came to be very wise. He used to hide under a leaf or bunch of grass, and by pouncing upon unwary flies he was able to get quite a good living.

One day he hobbled into a garden and squatted under a cabbage leaf, hoping to catch a nice fly for his dinner. But he was very tired; and before long was fast asleep. When he awoke it was quite dark. 'Oh, dear!' said he, 'I have overslept myself. How hungry I am! I wonder if I can find a fly in the dark. So saying, he began to hop along, when he went into a pool of muddy water. He sank to the bottom; but, by kicking lustily, soon got his head above water.

Then he swam around trying to find something to rest upon. At last he came upon a little hummock of earth, in the middle of the pool, and there he sat waiting for morning. When morning came the toad found that he was in a great square pit, half full of water. It was a pit that had been dug by the gardener in making an asparagus bed.

The poor toad sat there all of that day and the following night without a bit to eat. Early the next day he was delighted to see two little girls come into the garden.

'Now I shall be helped out,' thought he. 'Those dear little girls will be my friends.'

They were dressed in white frocks, with brown sashes, and had on their heads chip hats, trimmed with brown."

"Oh, papa!" said Emma, "that is just the way Mary and I dress!" Papa went on without making any reply.

"When the little girls came to the pit the older cried out—

'Oh, look at that old toad sitting in the water!'

'Let us throw dirt at him,' said the smaller.

So both little girls threw dirt and sticks at the toad, which raised such waves around him that he was in danger of being washed off.

'Oh, dear,' said the toad, 'who would have thought those little girls would be so cruel?' Just then a big piece of dirt struck the poor toad upon the head, and laid him sprawling on his back in the water.

When the toad had recovered from the blow, and had crawled back to his resting-place, he noticed a man with a hoe on his shoulder, approaching the pit.

'Oh, dear,' said the toad, 'here comes a great, rough man; now I certainly shall be killed.'

But the man put his hoe under the toad, lifted him carefully out of the pit, and laid him upon the dry grass.

'Well, I never,' said the toad. 'Who would have thought it? One can't always judge by appearance.'

Here Emma hung her head, and Mary giggled nervously.

"Do you know what little girls these were?" asked papa.

"I didn't know that the toad felt so bad when I threw at him," said Emma, the tears starting in her eyes.

"No," said papa; "but you will be more thoughtful the next time, I am sure."

This was papa's true story.

MOTHER.

WHEN she undid her hair at night,
 About the time for lying down,
 She came and knelt. I was so small
 There in my bed, her curls did fall
 All over me, lightgold and brown.

I fell asleep amid her prayers,
 Her fair young face (far off it seems),
 Her girlish voice, her kisses sweet,
 The patter of her busy feet,
 Passed with me into charming dreams.

And when I woke at merry morn,
 Through her gold hair I saw the sun
 Flame strong, shine glad, and glorify
 The great good world. Oh, never can I
 Forget her words—"My darling one!"

Ah! checkered years since then have crept
 Past her and me, and we have known
 Some sorrow and much tempered joy.
 Far into manhood stands her boy,
 And her gold hair snow-white is blown.

The world has changed by slow degrees,
 And as old days recede, alas!
 So much of trouble have the new,
 Those rare far joys grow dim, seen through
 Sad times as through a darkened glass.

But just this morning when I woke,
 How lovingly my lips were kissed!
 How chaste and clear the sunlight shone
 On mother's hair, like gold-dust sown
 Athwart thin clouds of silver mist!

—Selected.

A SABBATH AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

EMBRACING an opportunity we were pleased to witness the programme for the Sabbath as it was carried out through the day. At the ringing of the rising bell the children, who are mostly waiting to respond to its call, hastily dress and are soon ready to take each his place in line. At the word given by the teacher in charge, they kneel and with hands clasped and forms bowed, lift their voices with subdued accents in concert prayer. Then, with morning greetings, they proceed in double line to the use of water and towel. Their toilets being arranged the breakfast-bell summons them to the table, whither they proceed in a quiet and orderly manner. Grace is repeated in unison before and after the meal. Then, assembling upon the gallery for family prayers, each child is prepared with a passage of Scripture, reciting in turn. This being a daily custom, the moral benefit derived therefrom must be of great moment in forming the character. After devotions the children resort to their various departments and are furnished with papers and tracts suitable for the day, and the more advanced have recourse to books drawn from a library of convenient size. Thus the forenoon is pleasantly and profitably passed in communion with books, papers, and each other. After the pleasures of dinner-hour are enjoyed, and its duties performed, the boys and girls separate—the former to adjust themselves in

clean clothes, collars, and neckties, and the latter to put on their Sunday dresses, white aprons, collars, and ribbons. Thus arrayed they all present an inviting appearance, and are, indeed, "somebody's children," in whom all seeing cannot but feel an interest. The Sunday-school, occurring at two o'clock, is a place where they all love to go, meeting, as they do, their teachers with smiling faces, kind words, and tender sympathies. Passing up and down the aisles, and seeing the classes familiarly arranged about their respective teachers, with forms leaning to catch every word that is uttered, one is reminded of garden-patches where tender plants and rarest flowers are reared with extremest care. Nor does the visitor leave the spot without feeling that it is a good place to teach—that teachers and pupils are both blessed indeed. But the more general interest of the day centers in the chapel-service, which takes place at half-past three o'clock. This is chiefly a service of song by the children, under the direction of the Superintendent. The sight of so many neatly dressed, well behaved, and bright-looking ones is indeed touching, and, as the service continues, you feel truly grateful that the House of Industry is such a sheltering home for the needy and neglected, that here the homeless wanderers are fed and clothed, the ignorant are taught, and those otherwise hastening astray are brought under the influence of songs so devotional, of instruction so invaluable, and of training so incessant and effectual. As the parents or friends of many of these little ones are present in the audience, and look and listen with intensest interest, we cannot help feeling that the parent is blessed through the child, and both by the benevolent and unwearying efforts of this honored Institution. The singing service ended, the children repair to their neatly arranged supper-tables followed by numerous friends who seem interested in all that they behold. After supper the time is spent in promiscuous conversation until the hour for retiring, when, after concert prayer and a few words of exhortation by the officer in charge endeavoring to impress the memory and quicken the conscience by the lessons of the day, a responsive "good night" is uttered by the children and a Sabbath at the House of Industry is closed.

The seed is sown, but is yet to be watered by faith and prayer, and God will give it abundant increase. May He long bless this "noble charity" already endeared to a multitude of loving hearts.

A FRIEND.

THE SUNDAY BABY.

You wonderful little Sunday child !
 Half of your fortune scarce you know,
 Although you have blinked and winked and
 smiled
 Full seven-and-twenty days below.

"The bairn that was born on Sabbath day"—
 So say the old wives over their glass—
 "Is bonny and healthy, and wise and gay!"
 What do you think of that, my lass?

Health and wisdom, and beauty and mirth !
 And (as if that were not enough for a dower),
 Because of the holy day of your birth,
 Abroad you may walk in the gloaming's hour.

When we poor bodies, with backward look,
 Shiver and quiver and quake with fear
 Of fiend and fairy, and kelpie and spook,
 Never a thought need you take, my dear—

For "Sunday's child" may go where it please,
 Sunday's child shall be free from harm !

Right down through the mountain side it sees
 The mines unopened where jewels swarm !

O fortunate baby ! Sunday lass !
 The veins of gold through the rocks you'll see ;
 And when o'er the shining sands you pass,
 You can tell where the hidden springs may be.

And never a fiend or an airy sprite,
 May thwart or hinder you all your days.
 Whenever it chances, in mirk midnight,
 The lids of your marvelous eyes you raise.

You may see, while your heart is pure and true,
 The angels that visit this lower sphere,
 Drop down the firmament, two and two,
 Their errands of mercy to work down here.

This is the dower of a Sunday child ;
 What do you think of it, little brown head,
 Winking and blinking your eyes so mild,
 Down in the depths of your snowy bed.

—*Alice Williams, in St. Nicholas.*

THE LITTLE BLUE PITCHER.

It was aunt Janet's blue pitcher, and had belonged to her grandmother before her, and it always stood on the top shelf. It was adorned with pictures of unnatural little blue folks walking under blue trees, and *was* it any wonder that Poppet should want to look at it just as she would at a picture book? She usually got what she wanted, too, so she lifted up her little dimpled hands and said :

"Dive me that pretty pitser, aunt Janet!"

Now she had only been at aunt Janet's house a day and a half,—and if it had been *anything* but the blue pitcher she might have had it and welcome ; but as it was aunt Janet said :

"No, no ! Poppet musn't touch auntie's pitcher ! Poppet may look on the floor under the baskets and see if she can find auntie's nutmegs."

"What's nutmegs?"

"Little round brown things that auntie grates over the apple pies. I can't make my apple pies till I find the nutmegs. They're here *somewhere*, Poppet, for I bought them last time I drove to the village. Can you see them on the floor?"

"No," said Poppet gravely, "but I want apple pie."

"Well, we must find the nutmegs first. I'll go see if they are in the other room closet ; though I know they can't be."

So aunt Janet went to look, and looked in vain. When she came back to the

kitchen, she had no more than crossed the doorway when she stopped short and screamed :

"Poppet, Poppet, get right down this minute!"

As she afterward said, she could not have stirred if a sword had been hanging over her, she was so frightened. For there stood Poppet, holding on to the top shelf with one hand, and her feet tiptoe on the middle shelf! She had climbed up as if it had been a ladder, and there she was, just grasping the blue pitcher. When aunt Janet screamed, it fell with a crash, and down came Poppet after it as safe as a monkey.

"I *did* find nutmegs!" she said sweetly, lifting them up from the floor where the pieces of the pitcher lay.

"So you did," said aunt Janet, with a quaver in her voice. "Betsey must have put them up there when she cleaned the closet last week."

"What oo most crying for, aunt Janet?" asked Poppet with a keen glance.

"I didn't want my pretty pitcher broken," said aunt Janet sadly, and Poppet looked very sorry for a minute till she happened to think of a remedy, and told auntie not to cry for mamma would buy her a new one.

But aunt Janet shook her head, and gathering up the pieces laid them carefully back on the top shelf.

"I want apple pie!" said Poppet a minute after.

"Well, I suppose you must have some," said aunt Janet, with the least little flitting smile, "because you found the nutmegs."

So she made the pies and seasoned them deliciously, and Poppet ate all she wanted.

Then, in the afternoon, when all the house was quiet, aunt Janet did something wonderful; and Poppet watched it with round blue eyes. She set some milk over the fire in a deep round kettle and then she took the pieces of the little blue pitcher and tied them all together very carefully, just as they belonged. Next she laid the pitcher softly down into the milk, which boiled and simmered over it.

"Is it all cooked now, aunt Janet?" asked Poppet, when the kettle was lifted off from the fire.

"I think so," said aunt Janet smiling, as she took the little pitcher out and set it away. The next day she untied the strings, and there it stood as good as ever; you couldn't even see where the cracks were.

And now it is set upon the top shelf again, the same old fashioned, blue pitcher that it always was; but you needn't think that Poppet, or any other little girl, will ever be allowed to touch it again.

WE hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not affection, that it is far harder to keep our view of heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and, therefore, so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition and its peculiar temptations, but we must endure it and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.—*Dr. Arnold.*

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

THE ALTERED MOTTO.

THESE verses, which have gone the rounds of the papers—and they are worthy—have recently appeared again in the *New York Evangelist*, by which they were first published in this country. In that paper also, quite recently, it was stated that the distinguished author of them was converted some twenty years ago, while he was making the tour of this country with his honored father, by a sermon which he did not mean to hear, preached in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of University Place, by a Secretary of a benevolent Society, for the sick pastor, Rev. Dr. Poets, whom Mr. Monod went to hear. God ordered it so. Secretaries do sometimes preach sermons that God honors, even if the churches do not like to hear them.—*One who knows the Preacher.*

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answer :
" *All of self, and none of thee !*"

But he found me. I beheld him,
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard him pray, " Forgive them, Father !"
And my wistful heart said faintly :
" *Some of self, and some of thee.*"

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered :
" *Less of self, and more of thee.*"

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea.
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered
Grant me now my soul's desire—
" *None of self, and all of thee.*"

—*Pastor Theodore Monod.*

DISEASED CHILDREN.

WE are often made sensible of the truth of the statement that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, for it is frequently the case that we have in our house children whose systems are full of scrofula and of other diseases which have come to them by inheritance, and they are objects of real pity. We are doing what we can for the amelioration of the condition of nearly a score of these, for we do not shut our doors upon such because they are not strong and healthy. This Institution was founded to help the poor and needy, and it is still our pride that little ones from whom many asylums shrink are not refused admittance here, except for some other cause than personal appearance. "The poor ye have always with you," said our Master, and we fancy He did not mean that they were always to be attractive in appearance and wholly free from bodily ailment. We have frequently noticed that hospitals find munificent donors, and we mention these facts hoping that some one may read who would like to aid us in our hospital work.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.—*Anon.*

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

TELL the fainting soul and the weary form,
 There's a world of the purest bliss,
 That is linked, as the soul and form are linked,
 By a covered bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other shore,
 We must pass through a transient gloom,
 And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone,
 Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
 For the universal toll,

Is the outer garb which the hand of God
 Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim and the bridge is dark,
 And the river it spans is wide,
 Yet faith points through to a shining mount,
 That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march
 To climb up that golden ridge,
 We must all lie down for one night's rest,
 Inside of the covered bridge.

—Selected.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

FROM Samuel's early childhood till the close of his life, his history is full of the most richly suggestive lessons. All the way through he seems to have been a person of singular moderation of character, uniformly godly habit of life, and of marked amiability, mixed with firmness and bravery. He was always in his place when wanted, and the people learned to depend on him as a friend and adviser. He did not lose his temper, like Moses; or fall into idolatry, like Aaron and Gideon; or into mischief with woman, like Samson. He did not do mean things, as Jacob did; nor did he fall into such errors as Peter committed. He avoided the blunders which nearly wrecked David and Solomon; and through his whole career maintained the same promptness to obey God and to serve his generation as that which characterized him in the outset of his life. Familiar as we are with the incidents of his youth and his manhood, let us not think we know them so well that we can get no further good out of them.

It was a time of religious darkness in Israel. The dimness of old Eli's eyes corresponded to the lack of spiritual brightness among the Lord's people. The forms of tabernacle service were kept up with regularity. But there was a lack of true religious life. Hophni and Phinehas, the worthless sons of the high priest, conducted themselves disgracefully, even in and around the tabernacle itself, and Eli let them do very much as they pleased. We can judge of the degeneracy into which religion had fallen when we read that Eli, seeing Hannah praying in the tabernacle, thought she was a drunken woman.

In this state of things Samuel is introduced. His first public service is a humble one, none the less honorable on that account. His duty is to wait on the aged high priest, and to perform various services about the tabernacle.

It is night, the boy has gone to rest within hearing of Eli. He is awakened by hearing his name called. Thinking Eli has called him, he reports himself in the old man's room. It seems to be a false alarm, for the call is not from Eli. A second time the call comes, and again Eli bids the boy lie down. A third time, and Samuel finds it is JEHOVAH who calls him. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," is the ready answer. A message comes to the boy directly from on high. He has been but a tabernacle servant. He is now a messenger of the Most High. He is the bearer of painful news, but he must declare God's message.

Let us drop into the ears of our scholars a few practical hints from this call of Samuel, and his response to it.

No child is too young to do God's work. Samuel was little more than a babe when he was taken to the tabernacle. The younger we begin, the deeper are the impressions made on us of our duty to God.

No work is too humble to be worth doing for God. Samuel probably had to trim the tabernacle lamps, help to keep the place clean, and wait on Eli, who, being a very old man, may have been unreasonable and capricious in his demands on the child. We hear of no peevishness, no complaint; of nothing but prompt obedience.

Prompt and reverent obedience is an excellent feature in a child's character. Some children spend more time in grumbling and fretting when told to do a particular work, than in doing it. The grumbling boy grows up to be a disagreeable man. The peevish girl is insufferable when she becomes a woman.

The character of Samuel is one which is in all respects worthy of imitation. He "knew the Lord," and all his life long lived according to his knowledge.

VISIT TO THE AQUARIUM.

THROUGH the liberality of the proprietors, our children visited the Aquarium recently and thoroughly enjoyed the sights of the rare fishes, etc., in that most instructive of places. We are sure that our friends in the city could not spend a more profitable and interesting afternoon or evening than at the New York Aquarium, corner 35th St. and Broadway.

WERE a man but to think of it, the responsibility of not acting is sometimes infinitely greater than that of the most rash act.—*Maudsley*.

THAT rest which all hard-working people are constantly promising themselves, and which they so much need, is never obtained except where the fourth commandment is literally followed. Of the good effect of such rest all men can speak who have tried it—of the bad results of breaking the law a great many people—particularly ministers and Sunday school teachers—are able to speak feelingly and convincingly. To these, Sunday is the most exacting and laborious day of the week, and they pay the penalty as fully as the worst sinners could be asked to do.—*Christain at Work*.

Money Received for Record, from May 1 to June 1, 1877.

Cook, Mrs.....	\$ 1 00	Ketcham, H. B., collections.....	\$79 00
Fuller, M. S.....	1 00	Tuthill, Frank H., Kalamazoo, Mich.....	1 00
Gruman, Mrs. A. E.....	1 00	Phelps, Mrs. H., Hartford, Ct.....	2 00

Money Received from May 1 to June 1, 1877.

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

A. J. A. A.	\$20 00	L. B. S.	\$10 00
A. J.	50 00	Mrs. C. and the Misses W.	40 00
A. K.	5 00	McKenzie, Wm., Newark, N. J.	1 50
A. M. M. Mrs.	10 00	P. H. H.	2 00
Adams Express Co., through Mr. Jesup.	10 00	R. T. A.	25 00
Baker, Mrs., Williamsburg, Mass.	50	Read, Mrs. Sarah, South Amherst, Mass.	1 00
Babcock, H. S., scholars in S. S. class of.	1 00	Riple, Mrs. W. D., Royalston, Mass.	10 00
Berard, Miss A. B., West Point, N. Y.	5 00	Ross, D., Leith, Canada.	9 00
Burnett, Mrs. H. R., Madison, N. J.	1 00	S. B.	50 00
C. F. D. & Co.	10 00	S. E. L.	10 00
C. L. M.	10 00	S. F. G.	10 00
Cash.	2 00	S. W.	50 00
D. J. W.	1 00	S. W. C.	5 00
D. M. D.	25 00	Sawyer, Miss Josephine A., late of Yonkers, N. Y.	20 00
D. S. E.	25 00	Sunday Collection, April 29th.	6 21
Friend through Mr. E. T.	20 00	" " May 6th.	7 73
G. C. B.	25 00	" " " 13th.	8 75
Gruman, Mrs. A. E.	1 00	" " " 20th.	2 54
H. C.	25 00	" " " 27th.	7 06
H. W. H., Mrs.	25 00	T. Miss.	15 00
Hayward, Mrs. C. F., So. Amherst, Mass.	1 00	T. C. J.	50 00
Holmer, "Baby," South Natick, Mass.	1 00	T. H.	20 00
I. S. P.	10 00	Two friends, through D. Ross, Leith, Ca.	5 00
I. W., Miss.	5 00	W. E. M., Mrs.	10 00
J. B.	36 93	W. G.	3 00
J. F.	100 00	Williams, Mrs. E. J., So. Amherst, Mass.	2 00
J. L. S.	50 00	Wisner, Josephine	2 00
J. McK.	25 00	White, A. H., Williamsburg, Mass.	50
J. W. M.	2 00	Wright, A., Montreal, Ca., for Type-room	5 00
Judson, Q. X.	5 00		
Kidd, A. C. & W., for boards.	1 00		

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from May 1 to June 1, 1877.

Beviez, Ellen.	pkg. clothing.	Marsh, Mrs.	bbl. old shoes
Bolwell, Miss.	2 pkgs. clothing.	Mathews, Mrs. W. E.	pkg. shoes
Chafee, Miss Pollie, Coventry Depot, Ct.	bbl. clothing and shoes.	Merchants' Lunch.	bread
Clark, G. T., Brooklyn.75 lbs. coffee.	Newell, D. C. & Sons.	lot new partition boards
Denny, Poor & Co.	calico samples.	Noble, Mrs., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	hats and clothing
Duke, Thos.	lot clothing.	North, John, 249 Fulton St. Brooklyn,	hats, ribbons, and flowers.
Fanshawe, Mrs. H. A.,	pkg. clothing, 2 boilers, lot empty bbls.	Ogden & Co.	lot new partition boards.
Franklin, N. J.	pkg. books.	Petrie, Mrs. J.	lot of clothing.
Friend.	514 pieces crockery.	Phillips, Chas.	lot of papers and clothing.
Friend.	pkg. clothing.	Porter and Champney, Misses, Hadley, Mass.,	3 new chemises, 4 flannel skirts, 3 pr. drawers, and second-hand clothing.
Friend, Larrytown, N. Y.	box clothing, etc.	Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H.,	papers.
Fuller, Mrs. E. N.	clothing and shoes.	Smith, Miss Mary and friends.	toy play-house.
Hone, Miss Jennie, 3 chemises, 3 pair drawers, 1 dress, 2 skirts, 1 apron.		Snydam, D. L.	hat, pants, and shoes.
Horneck, Miss C., Brooklyn.	pkg. new clothing.	Tatum, E.	shoes, hats, and clothing.
How, Mrs. H.	pkg. clothing.	Tracy, James E.	pkg. clothing.
Howell, Mrs.	4 pkgs. clothing.	Troup, Miss Louisa, 12 shirts, 6 infant's dresses, 18 prs. woolen socks.	
Jackson, Mrs. C. W.	pkg. clothing and shoes.	Trowbridge, Miss A. H.	lot of clothing.
Joy, M. E., Brooklyn.	2 pkgs. clothing.	Wilson, Mrs. Lorenzo, So. Coventry, Ct.	bbl. shoes and clothing.
Ladies' Sewing Society of Pres. church, Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y., Mrs. E. E. Cook, Treas., 2 bed quilts, 12 print dresses, 12 chemises, 15 print aprons, 12 prs. drawers, 14 shirts, 1 pair knit stockings, 1 old chair cover.		21 Clinton Place.	bread.
Lamberson, Mr.	pkg. shoes.	61 West 17th Street.	pkg. clothing.
Louazon, P.	bread.	124 East 12th Street.	pkg. clothing.
		234 Eight Avenue.	2 pkgs. clothing and shoes.
		774 Fifth Avenue.	pkg. clothing.

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